

the jaded reviews guide to

# HIPPIE WATCHING

in North America volume 4



YOU'VE GOT TO  
BE SHITTING ME!  
ANOTHER ONE?!





# INTRODUCTION

BY YOUR INNER DAVID ATTENBOROUGH

(Any hippie worth their salt has an inner David Attenborough)

(Cue Dramatic swelling pads which abruptly ends and gently unfolds in deep anticipatory silence)

## *The North American Hippie...*

Every year tribes of colorful party-goers return to their homes braving the arduous journey up and down the Western Coast of the Northern Americas. Traveling by air, by foot, or in wheeled vehicles known as Vanagons, they descend upon the wide expanse of nature to engage in rituals oft retold through story and myth but which few have witnessed first hand.

Over 50 years of scientific observation has gleamed a tantalizing glimpse into their world, but these creatures do not give up their secrets so easily. There are still mysteries to be solved and new discoveries to be made. Insights that would have astonished even Darwin himself.

These are, in fact, the most complex and exotic of the species. A people so beautiful they could have been lifted from Eden itself. With lavish costume and mocha tinged skin glistening in the sun, they engage in magnificent dances surrounded by monolithic soundsystems seemingly erected from the very sands on which they tread. These are a people so extraordinary they bring the image of beauty to the very edge of absurdity.

Those at the apex of this social order gain reverence and status through displays of brilliant plumage and hyperbolic chatter. They erupt into seas of idiosyncratic motion as the collective assembly bathes in a disorienting amalgam of light and sound. With a backdrop of a delicate cacophony of pulsating rhythms, they are observed engaging in rituals of spontaneous fire spitting, flirtatious posturing and, from time to time, are even known to throw a little shade.

Their court is a free for all; a ballet of participatory co-creation; a temporary zone of unencumbered autonomy.

*Ladies and Gentlemen....These are Hippies.*

### **The Jaded Review is:**

Kris Northern: Illustration, Design, Layout, Writing.

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Special thanks to Ariel Marie for the Raspy Ranter contribution and Dave Clay for workshopping with us.





# INTRODUCTION

BY YOUR INNER-CITY INNER DAVID ATTENBOROUGH

(We suspect few hippies have an Inner-city Inner David Attenborough)

(Cue the sound of bass heavy hiphop, over the pattering of nearly indistinguishable gun fire as sirens fade off into the distance)

sup bitches! \*\*

gnawmsayin? ... It'shya boy DeeAy, AKA FiddyPence, AKA Tea u-Nit, AKA tha BBC Killa, AKA Carpet matches the Drapes, AKA Ghost of your Left Shoe. Gnawmsayin? Ahm jus' chillin with m'boy, HugLyfe, AKA Lil' Biggie Size, hollerin atcha from these nasty ass woods where we all deep in the nature game, gnawmsayin? Get Money, Get paid! Yo BBC! Hit me back with that skril! HAaAaAH!, Jus' playin... We spose' to be out here watchin hippies n shit but I ain't seen peep of those nappy headed mo'fugaz yet. Yo... between you n me, It's like... they got 99 problems but a comb ain't one. Oh come on... Da fuq you groaning at?

AY! YO! HugLyfe! You sure we in the right place, man? Tre said take a left at the drum circle... said it would look like a pile of carpets banging on trashcans. You see any shit like that? Nah ... me either! Man les get da fuq outta here, hippie watching is some bunk ass shit. These motherfuckas can suck mah mu[Record Scratch]

**Editors note:** We apologize to you, our distinguished readers, for our momentary lapse of judgment in giving voice to this vulgar uncouth Inner-City Inner David Attenborough. We attempted to place a trigger warning prior to this section, however our layout guy blew off work for a festival; at which he had a rather negative experience involving an alarm clock and psychoactives. As a result his time-space relationship is completly and utterly bulloxed. This has regrettably resulted in him placing the warning AFTER the content it's meant to warn you about. \*siiiiingh\* idiot.

Improperly Placed Trigger Warnings: #ableism #geocentrism #sexism #classism #white privilege #malePrivilege #thinPrivilege #swearing #racism #cis ... Basically, it's comedy. This section contains racially uncomfortable material of the following nature: a white male pretending to a white male from a different country and class pretending to an overblown hiphop stereotype of an indeterminate race pretending to be Sir David Attenborough. If you can wade through that mind swamp far enough to still be offended by this, we are amazed.

**Thanks to:** Jen Ingram, Andrew Jones, Pete & Tia, Brandy & Soren, David Chris & Maya Bronner as well as the entire San Diego Pod, The Wook Store, Upgraded Warlocks everywhere, All Of Dirty Ice Crew, Jeremey & Cara, Adam Aedinger & MintWood, Sam & Lissa, Rhianna, Terry, Michael Manahan, Dave & Eva, ZsaZsa, the Rockstar Librarian, Chickenhed, Marty Kenny & Susan, Phil Tseng, Bernard 'The Prisoner', Deon & Aluna, Carlo, Random Rab, Evan Bluetech, Liz Oliver, Rena Jones, BassHector, Julie Danger, and most importantly my lovely wife who for reasons unknown tolerates this never ending stream of nonsense.



# SPARKLEPONIES

**Genus name:** Equinus scintillata

**Also Known As:** GlitterGeldings<sup>[3]</sup>, sparkleClydesdales, StrugglePonies, OMGPONIES!!1!

**Habitat:** Burningman, Artcars, VIP Areas, in front of a mirror

**Mating Rituals:** Well... you gotta get on the artcar somehow.

**Age Range:** 23-30

There has been much excited debate and discussion regarding the SparklePony species since the earliest confirmed sightings in the wilds of the inhospitable alkaline flats of the Black Rock Desert circa 2008. There also has been much confusion regarding proper identification as unicorns, sparkles, fake fur booties and German Sparkle Parties<sup>[1]</sup> have all come into vogue in the party culture around the same time.

Further complicating matters, it is believed that the term has changed meaning over the years. It was initially derogatory labeling of an unprepared and non-contributing camp-mate who shows up with more costumes than water. There has been a recent reclamation of the word as a self-proclaimed badge of honor which is embraced by large herds of identically dressed females. This guide is written toward the original meaning of the archetype.

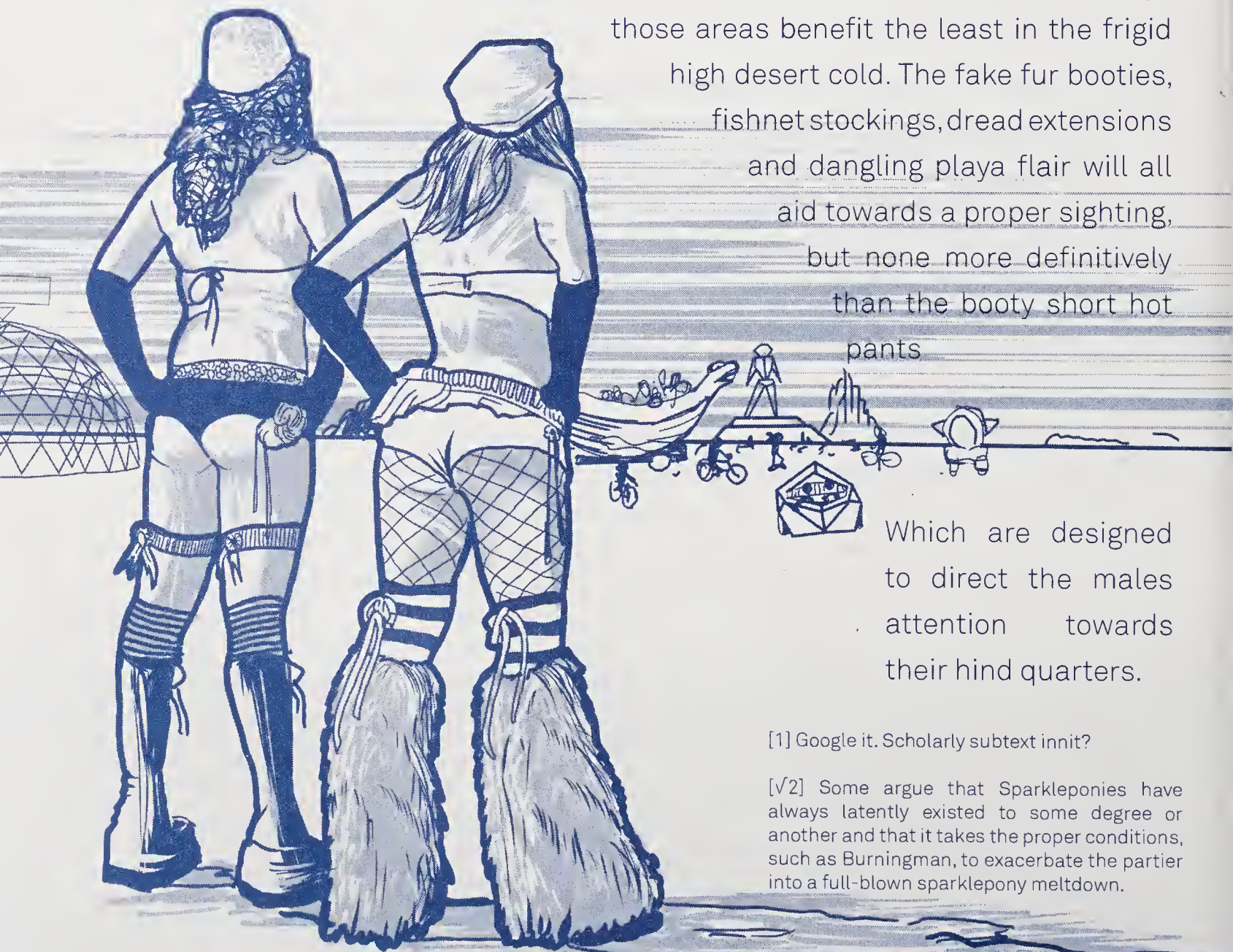
Visually, SparklePonies are easy to locate as they have created an illogical fashion wherein the shins and forearm are the only areas of the body covered, even though

those areas benefit the least in the frigid high desert cold. The fake fur booties, fishnet stockings, dread extensions and dangling playa flair will all aid towards a proper sighting, but none more definitively than the booty short hot pants

Which are designed to direct the males attention towards their hind quarters.

[1] Google it. Scholarly subtext innit?

[V2] Some argue that Sparkleponies have always latently existed to some degree or another and that it takes the proper conditions, such as Burningman, to exacerbate the partier into a full-blown sparklepony meltdown.





They spend an inordinant amount of time grooming because their appearance acts as social currency granting them rides on highly desirable art cars, camp meals, free drugs, and the right to dance behind DJs in sight of thousands of people. Some SparklePonies are determined to bring home gold in the Kentucky Derby of popularity contests known as Burning Man.

This preoccupation with popularity explains why they arrive at one of the harsher ecosystems in America unprepared for anything more challenging than a low rent fashion show, despite the fact that painfully easy to follow basic survival information has been placed in front of them at every turn.

SparklePonies are often unaware, perhaps willfully, of little outside their image and the pursuit of good times. This applies doubly so when it comes to the icky communal camp responsibilities they enthusiastically agreed to prior to their arrival on the playa. Perhaps the sole exception to this is the cleaning of the camp mirror (which doesn't really count since it's really only for them to preen in front of before whatever fabulous soirée they trot off to next).

Before it's even halfway through the week, they quickly exhaust their supply of water food & intoxicants. Tensions rise as their camp-mates become increasingly tired of taking care of them. Things often spiral out of control and your friends begin rename your camp as *DramaVille*. The rapidly spiraling negative feedback loop resulting from the stress, dehydration, malnourishment, drugs and the constant dust only causes the SparklePony to do more of the things that made the tension rise in the first place. God help you if you have two SparklePonies in your camp.

## WHAT TO DO IF YOUR CAMP HAS SPARKLEPONYS:

### 1) **Don't Panic.**

2) You can often scare them off by asking them to do their share of work. Seasoned SparklePonies will not be phased by this in which case a well timed "*I heard Robot Heart is going to be a 10oclock and J in an hour*" might clear up your SparklePony infestation for as long as two days

3) Failing that, since 2009, there is a Sparkle Pony Corral at Burning Man where exasperated campmates who simply could no longer cope could drop off their bedraggled SparklePony. This provides the campers with a much needed break and the SparklePony would be fed, watered, and groomed. The Sparkle Pony Corral massages the SparklePonies bruised egos and remind them how unique and beautiful they are. "*Your camp doesn't deserve anyone as fabulous as you anyways*"

[3] We intended to put some information about the Male Sparkleponies referred to as Glitter Geldings. (A gelding is a castrated horse that often exhibit far less aggressive hormonal behavior.) However writing in this teeny box in 6 point font is not good for either of us. So just know they are out there and we'll save it for some other time.  
p.s. Not to be confused with Bronies. Again, some other time.

# STRUGGLEPONIES

**Genus name:** Equinus problemateum

**Habitat:** Stressed out tearing through piles of clothing

**Dietary Preferences:** I can't even deal with that right now

**Age Range:** 25-35

*Boy! Being a SparklePony sure is hard work! Who thought so much work went into crafting that carefree appearance? Certainly not the StrugglePony. It seems everything is a struggle. What separates StrugglePonies from their more dialed-in relative is their inability to get all the pieces to come together. Further complicating matters, it seems everyone knows it, and she doesn't receive much in the way of preferential treatment. Hearing "Sorry, art car is full", when it very clearly is **NOT**, does little to boost the already struggling StrugglePonies morale.*

Those impeccably well-groomed 'Best In Show' SparklePonies riding in the 'full' artcars often throw subtly detectable smirks which are difficult to call out, yet impossible to ignore. The resulting dejected look is comedic fodder for the Sparkleponies but also serves as an unpleasant warning of what happens when you get put out to pasture.

Observing this is similar to watching one of those rage inducing kids movies where the underdog protagonist is being harshly bullied by a gang of ruthless cool kids. It is difficult to resist yelling out "You CAN DO IT! Get your shit together, Michelle!" but, of course... you aren't watching a movie, these are total strangers, and you probably projected a ton of stuff on that scene. Walk away.

Sometimes this sorry state of affairs is due to being a new comer. *First rodeos are always so tough aren't they? How do they make it look so easy? Why does my butt hurt so bad?*

Some StrugglePonies are former SparklePonies well versed in all things Rodeo & Brodeo, however, their currency doesn't have the buying power it once did. The market has been saturated with younger competition and this is emotionally upsetting to them.

To all the StrugglePonies out there we would like to say "You CAN DO IT! Get your shit together!" .... and we love you.





# DANCEFLOOR HAIRSTYLIST

**Genus name:** Clippernicus fabulousan

**Also Known As:** Rage Barbers, Follicle Sculptors, Krusty Kustie Kozmik Kutz

**Habitat:** Dancefloors... duh, its in the name, Einstein.

**Mating Rituals:** "Ever done it in a barbers chair?"

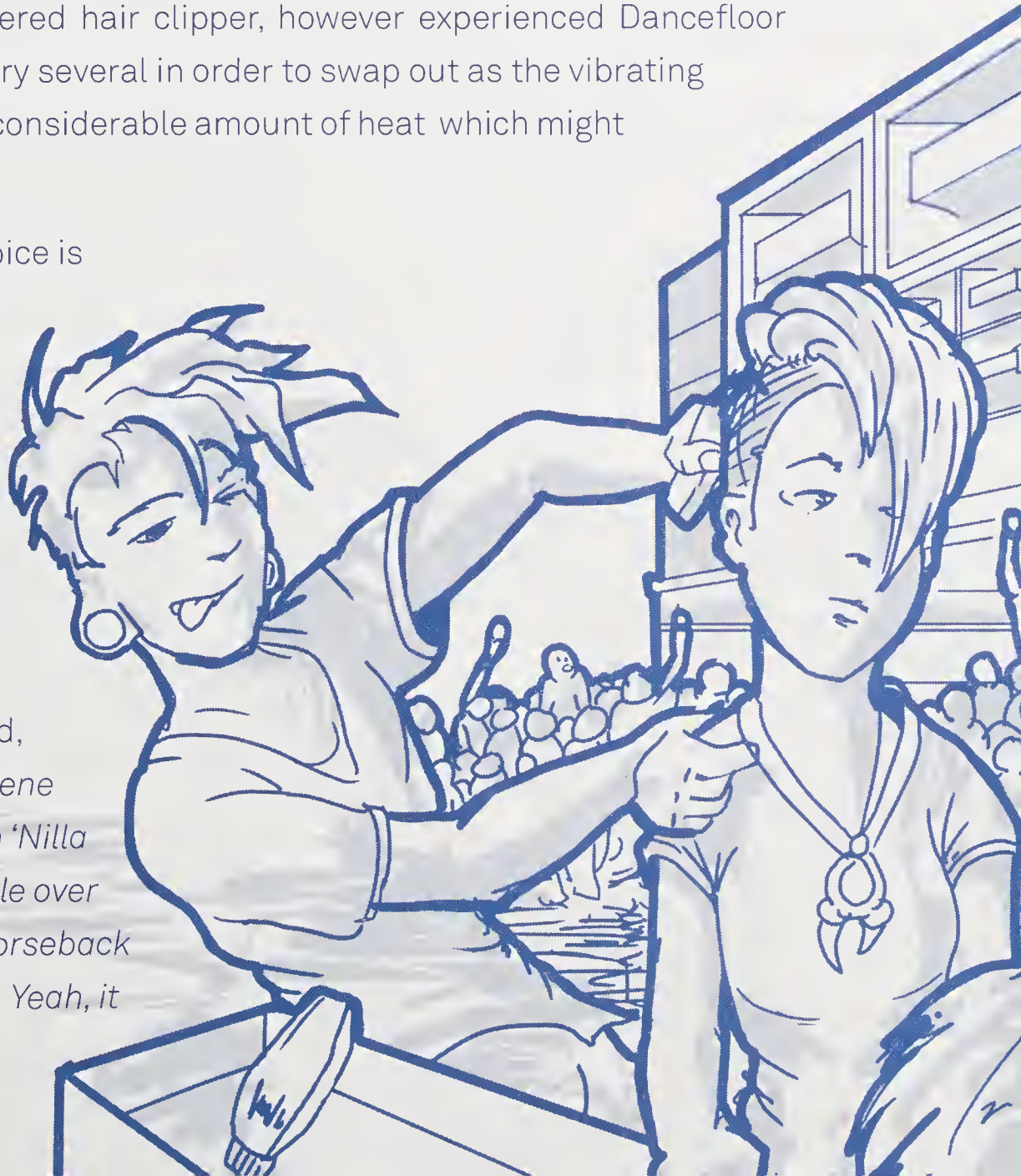
**Age Range:** 22-35

Astute hippie watchers will have no doubt noticed a marked increase in the appearances of festival attendees with layered geometric patterns, words and even pictures carved into their hair. This is the handiwork of Dancefloor Hairstylists who can be found stationed off the side of the dancefloor giving haircuts to willing party goers.

The recipient stands still unaware of what is being done to their scalp while throngs of people dance to whatever hive-approved hype is in fashion. Tufts of hair go flying in explicable patterns like something out of Edward Scissorhands. The end result is always — ahrrmm, "unique". The recipients will proudly sport the new do for the next 2-3 days and will likely come to regret it when they return to work the following Monday morning.

The Dancefloor Hairstylist uses a minimal, but highly functional, kit that enables this mutually beneficial grooming ritual. There is, of course, scissors and a battery powered hair clipper, however experienced Dancefloor Hairstylists will carry several in order to swap out as the vibrating metal generates a considerable amount of heat which might burn the scalp.

The hairstyle of choice is the super sick fade with stylized lines reminiscent of Vanilla Ice at his peak. We asked one participant to describe the experience, to which he responded, *"Remember that scene in 'Cool As Ice' when 'Nilla jumps his motorcycle over his lady friend on horseback and wins her heart. Yeah, it feels just like that!"*





# GREEN ROOM VULTURES

**Genus name:** Gluttonous parasitis

**Also Known As:** Scavengers, Grabbers Holders

**Habitat:** Hospitality, any well catered VIP Lounge

**Dietary Preferences:** Omnivore

**Mating Rituals:** often too drunk to fuck

**Age Range:** 18-40

We don't have to explain Green Rooms to you, do we? It's where all the expensive food and drink that is on an artists' rider is stored while the artist goes out and eats at a restaurant. Luckily, there are no brown M&Ms.

This glorious bounty of uneaten food draws the keen eye of predatory onlookers. Sometimes the promoter or venue security is able to properly secure these green rooms from invasion. Other times the line between who is allowed and who is not is often blurry or non-existent. This grants access to girls the promoter is trying to sleep with, a guy who knows a guy, or anyone able to sweet talk their way past lackadaisical security staff.

Once the Vultures infiltrate they slowly blend into the surroundings, free to graze on the freebies, foraging on all the food and alcohol intended for the performer. Alert, head always on a swivel as they keep watch for competition, they first devour bottles of tequila, meat & cheese spreads, craft beers, and pellegrino during the rapid wave of consumption. They work through their preferred foods leaving little behind. Cauliflower, carrots and celery go untouched, either out of politeness to the next round of foragers or simply out of disinterest. Once the resources have been exhausted they move onto to the next feeding ground. The circle of life continues.

**Addendum:** Our field researchers have recently discovered a VIP section within a VIP section at a festival. This has sparked speculation regarding the possibility of an infinite recursion of green rooms. As the VIP rooms layer room within room within room... it reaches an Inception level of ambiguity. No one is really sure how deep the green room goes or who belongs where. Is it all in your mind? Is there always someone more important? Come, explore the fractal nature of social anxiety.





# THE RASPY RANTER

**Genus name:** Diatribus infinitum

**Also Known As:** “For The love of god would you please shut up!”

**Habitat:** Fires, camp chairs, front porches, Rainbow Gatherings, and your campsite uninvited

**Dietary Preferences:** Rolling tobacco, whiskey, overly dry herb, and your food

**Mating Rituals:** By the time for that he’s cleared the whole campsite

**Age Range:** 30-50

Like a moth to flame, Raspy Ranters are inexplicably drawn toward the calm vibe of your camp. The telltale blood-shot eyes are the result of sleepless days wandering from camp to camp singing the song of his people.

The Raspy Ranter only has two settings. The first is 0 in which he’s passed out with a half smoked cigarette in hand; raspily mouth breathing and twitching as he rants at the ghostly denizens of the dream world. Then there’s his default mode where he’s full tilt, dial cranked to 11, swinging around a 3/4 empty whiskey bottle like it’s a microphone as he regales you with his ‘proof’ of chem-trail mind control<sup>[1]</sup>

His voice, so raspy and threadbare that Janis Joplin came back from the grave just to get jealous, is from days of smoking dry rollie cigarettes and the effects of warm whiskey on the vocal cords. Sometimes, in an act of biological altruism, the vocal cords go on strike and shut down in a last ditch effort to save humanity (or at least this festival) from this never ending rant. Unfortunately, it can take days before this occurs.

The Rant™ itself is often an endless stream of un-consciousness; rambling aimlessly about, completely devoid of plot, meaning, climax, ending or even a *raison d’être*.<sup>[2][3]</sup>

This Chinawhite of nonsense is often cut to non-lethal doses with poorly researched conspiracy theories and talking to past authority figures as if they are right in front of him. Any attempt to divert this rant into an actual discussion (the sort where more than 1 person participates), is met with an increase in volume and intensity as he just talks over you. You are a mere stone over which his stream of consciousness flows.

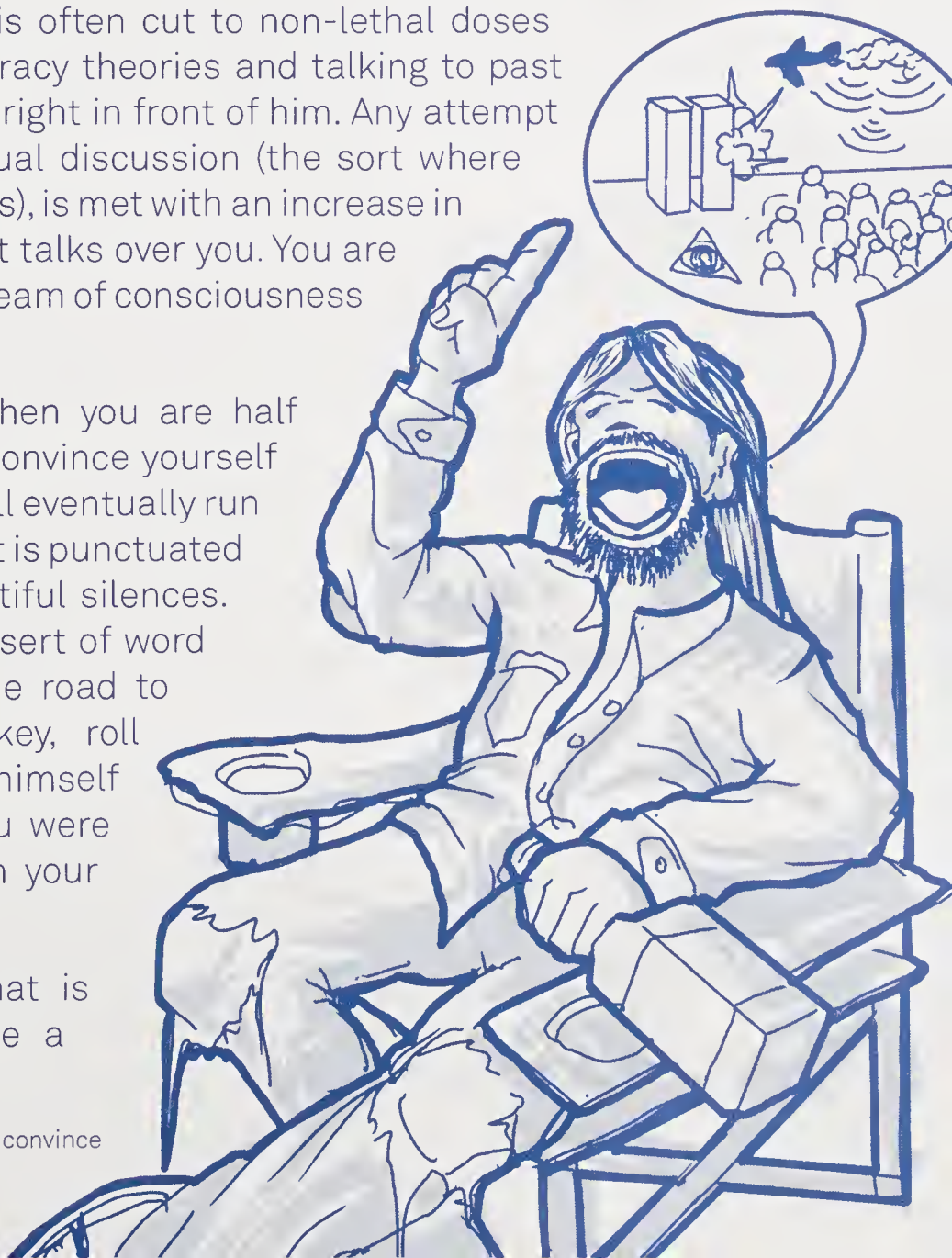
These rants are the worst when you are half asleep in your tent, failing to convince yourself that if you just ignore him he will eventually run out of steam and leave. The rant is punctuated with brief and delicately beautiful silences. These oases in the endless desert of word soup are just pit-stops on the road to nowhere to refuel on whiskey, roll another cig or perhaps help himself to whatever booze or food you were foolish enough to leave out in your hasty evacuation.

Please, for the love of all that is good, do not give this Hippie a megaphone.

[ 1 ] Don't misconstrue this as an invitation to convince the author how wrong he is. (which he is not)

[2] Much like an M Night Shylaman film.

[3] Raison d’être: The reason for existence





# PROPER DIRTNAP IDENTIFICATION

The Dirlnap: Once a colloquial term referring to death, this word has moved from of the realm of the abstract into literalism. It is literally someone (hint: usually a hippie) taking a nap in dirt. There are many different types, styles and reasons for dirlnapping. This guide will help you identify some of the basic forms.

## Dirt Rest & Shoe Pillows

Overeager newbies to the Dirlnap Watchers scene are all too quick to yell dirlnap at anything that fails to move. Patience young grasshopper. A Dirt Rest is not a proper Dirt Nap. Dirt Rests are identified by clues that the hippie has chosen this rest intentionally. These clues include: sleeping in a shaded spot on top of a blanket or rug, choosing a sensible location to sleep, and shoes off neatly to the side. Bonus points for using shoes as a pillow, which prevents you from losing them while also allowing your feet to breath. You can also store pocket items in your shoes, preventing a yardsale. That's how the pros do it, son.



## Classic Dirlnap

You won't find a better dirt nap for your dollar. The nap that begins with the thought "*I need to lay down...this place seems as good as any*". Often augmented by grabbing whatever is nearby for a pillow & blanket; Pizza boxes, garbage bags and dogs are all excellent choices.



## Yard Sale

A bewildering outburst of gibberish and guttural moaning that leads to a legendary face plant in a high traffic area in the middle of the night. The inexplicable yard sale of belongings strewn about requires a team of friends to put Humpty back together again.



## The Norwegian

You know what time it is! In fact, so will everyone else once they take a look at the makeshift sun dial that's been erected in your pants.

And a very Nordic morning to you too, sir.

## The Hot Mess

Strong enough for a man; pH balanced for a woman. You spent all afternoon getting your look dialed in and now you're ready to par-TAAAY. 8 hours later you wake up sprawled on top of a picnic table in a sweaty heap of glitter, feathers, furs, and regret.

*"Maybe she's born with it, maybe it's Ketamine"*







## The Final Countdown

Your fight or flight instinct kicks in and it's time to shut it down. \*ding\* It's showtime! How long can you battle the inevitable crash? Some heavyweights last many rounds and are seen hours later lurching one off-balance step at a time in the general direction of their camp. Those who lose crash into whatever is nearby, face down in the grass with a facial expression akin to slow-motion footage of a knock out punch in a prize fight.



## Ghost Nap

You got a little out your depth and took one too manies. Fade to black. You awaken in an unfamiliar place and you've lost all your friends. You are surrounded by clues that you can use to try to recreate the puzzle of just what you did while you were away. You'll recover — but there are still many questions to be answered. The first being: Wha happen?



## the Laundry List

Ok, Let's see, What have you lost so far? Inhibitions, check, all your worldly attachments, check, most of your clothing , check, control of your bladder, check, dignity, double check. That's a wrap, you got it all! Your cornucopia of bad decisions has culminated into a spectacular sight nothing short of Legendary.



## Hazed and Confused

You started way too early, bro and now you've become the centerpiece of mean spirited shenanigans shared amongst friends and passers by. You awake confused to all manners of shit drawn on your face and garbage stacked on your body. Dr.Bronner's and water can wash the penis off your face but it won't wash the shame away.



## The All Star

Face down, ass up in a large mud puddle. On full display for all to see. Pictures are taken and posted to social media. You've made it baby, you're a star.



# ADVANCED OBSERVATION TECHNIQUES

## Environment: The Sunrise Shitshow

Festivals and gatherings of small to medium size often escalate (or perhaps devolve) into what revelers endearingly call ‘The Sunrise Shitshow’. This is, as the name suggests, a zone of grandiosely lowered inhibitions and almost non-existent judgment wherein partiers celebrate the decadence of the previous night by making the morning even more so.

## DIFFICULTIES

Many beginner to intermediate level Hippie Watchers fail to make it to dawn when this prime Hippie Watching occurs. Pacing yourself is an art. Nothing says amateur like trainwrecking yourself within 15 minutes of your arrival. One must build the stamina and endurance necessary to make it through the evening. Pros will often plan their sleep/party schedule around this in order to arrive to the shitshow prepared for peak performance.

As the faint morning twilight grows into a bonafide sunrise, the dancefloor slowly becomes populated with more and more side-splittingly hilarious costumes, and uhh, buckets of underwear?!?!, champagne by the wagon load!! *What is this place?* When the shit show is in full swing the party receives its second wind from all the fresh enthusiasm (and alcohol). This elaborate and highly disorganized assembly encourages improvisational comedic buffoonery that can be observed nowhere else. Underwear is worn on heads, freestyle interpretive dances with dolphins and walkers, bathrobes made of carebears — It’s a mad scene. People join the party as quickly as they are falling off. The sun reveals a wonderous display of last nights poor decisions as the prime dirtnap viewing hours begin.

## SOCIOLOGY

At the risk of possible offense we can’t help but notice slight similarities to phenomena known as Potlatches, a gift-giving feast once practiced by indigenous peoples of the Pacific Northwest Coast, wherein one can establish, gain or lose social rank through the sharing of wealth. Those with the most were expected to share the most.

In the case of the Sunrise Shitshow, showing up with a case of cold champagne, or vodka tastings paired with bacon will earn you friends quicker than you can say *TotesYOLOSwag!*

Check out these articles in our Advanced Observation Techniques Series:		
Mystery School	Trans-gender co-op employee	Ayahwasca Ceremonies
Home Births	Pyramid Schemes	Glass Blowing
Wearing Socks with Sandals	Phish Tour	Cults
the VIP Room	International Drug Mule	Courtrooms
Door to Door Canvassing	Dumpster Diving	Wisest Wizards



# WISEST WIZARDS

**Genus name:** Templi Magus inebriatus

**Also Known As:** Wizard Staff, when alcoholics discover D&D, When D&D players turn 21

**Habitat:** Basements and wherever the magic takes them

**Dietary Preferences:** Cheap beer

**Mating Rituals:** Beast Mode: Activated. Roll 3d20 for Sloppiness

**Age Range:** 19-30

The sudden materialization of a 14th level wizard on a dancefloor or campsite can wreak havoc and pandemonium amongst those who have never experienced such an event. You can determine the 'level' of a Wise Wizard by counting the number of beer cans duct-taped together to form their wizard staff. 10 beer cans = a 10th level wizard<sup>[0]</sup>. Beginner wizards are not frequently spotted in the wild as their staff is too small to use and they are busy at Wizard School (camp) leveling up (drinking).

Leveling up starts off easy and becomes increasingly difficult. One must retrieve a full beverage, place it on top of the empty, and securely duct-tape the two together. *InstaPrestoLevioSAH!* You are now a 2nd level wizard. At this point in narration many people say "Oh, it's just a stupid drinking game" and shrug their shoulders. Hey now...Let's not be hasty until you've met your first Level Boss.

A Level Boss appears every 3rd or 5th beer depending on the Wizards age and how many Experience Points his Liver has<sup>[1]</sup> This Level Boss is defeated when the wizard and his choice of fighting partner<sup>[2]</sup> down a shot and defeat the Level Boss.

Wizards often have their own language. They refer to their level of drunkenness as *feeling wise*, grabbing another beer becomes *Leveling up*, checking in with the girlfriend is *Consulting the Oracle*, urination becomes *Casting Spells*.<sup>[3]</sup>

From here, there are many special rules that can be added, but the end result is always the same. By the time you can barely stand you have this ungodly long staff that you have to support in order to drink your next beer. You usually end up with 1/4 of the can on your face and shirt. Never underestimate the damage this dark magic can inflict upon a party.

*Be wary all ye who wish to dabble in the Dark Arts  
...Tis a young mans game.*

[0] Technically... you don't become a 10th level wizard until you finish your 10th beer and strap on the 11th. Details.

[1] It's a Dungeons and Dragons thing. Don't worry about it and get back to your feathers.

[2] Rules vary by location and preference. This is by no means how all games are played

[3] Ok... I made up the last two.. but see how easy it is?



# BROSQUATCH

**Genus name:** Brocephus incognitum

**Also Known As:** Samsquamtch, Hoesquatch, Sasscrotch, Squatchcrotch, & CrotchCrotch

**Habitat:** The early morning fog after the nights festivities

**Dietary Preferences:** See below

**Mating Rituals:** Unobserved

**Age Range:** ?

The Sasquatch myth has emerged in many unconnected cultures around the world. Rather than hunting down the semiotic ghost to explain why, we just hobbled together some made up bullshit and lobbed it at a page figuring you wouldn't know the difference.

Local lore tells of a rarely sighted dreadlocked half ape / half man wearing a flat brimmed cap covered in pins slowly trudging through camps in the early morning looking for lighters, beer and pinecones for necklaces. They are said to have a strong musky odor, which forensic anthropological studies hypothesize may be due to its suspected diet consisting mainly of Dabs, mushroom chocolates, and 'Natty Ices'. They are said to be drawn towards aggressive music, specifically a primitive form of electronic music called BroSquelch which sounds identical to all the other fart music, but with far more drops.



There is often talk of video footage 'proving' Brosquatches existence, but it is highly debated whether the figure in question was just your run of the mill festival wook or an enthusiastic carpet that grew legs and pranced into the forest to create a better life for itself.

Should you encounter a Brosquatch, stand very still and let it pass. Do not attempt to photograph as they are born blurry and a waste of film phone batteries.

Many festival attendees don't believe in the Brosquatch lore and those that do are often ridiculed and placed on the lowest rung of the social ladder, below alien abductees, model railroad-builders and '2012 was an inside job' conspiracy nuts.  
(What was inside temple 7 maaaaan)



# WOOKLINGS

**Genus name:** Patchoulius minimus

**Also Known As:** Crystal Children, Whose kid is that? Anyone missing a child?

**Habitat:** Apparently, not the same as their parents

**Dietary Preferences:** sugar, sugar, sugar, gimme what you're eating

**Age Range:** 5½-12 ish

Wooklings are counted amongst the children huddled under the 'Crystal Children' umbrella. 'Crystal Children' is the disappointing sequel to the cult classic "Indigo Children". Sure, the name sounds promising but by the time you finish you realize it's the same old questionable parenting with an even lamer plot overcompensating with special fx.

Wooklings are young children who have been on the road since their home-birth<sup>[0]</sup>, traveling to festivals and Phish shows; hell, some of them may have been delivered at a Phish show, which is literally totes epic, brah.

While their parents are off blissfully immersed in socially mandatory hugging ceremonies, the young wookling is left to fend for itself. The chaotic festival environment sometimes provides other children to play with, however we have yet to observe a game that didn't eventually devolve into "who can throw more dirt in each others eye".

This may be owed to the fact that even though quote unquote normal<sup>[1]</sup> children are forced into schools to learn the 'pointless histories penned by white oppressors — they still end up socializing with other children. In comparison, Wooklings' social interactions are often limited to talking to the sea of strangers knees at shows. This doesn't foster great social intellect, but it may encourage an active imagination.

Wooklings are often identified by their mournsome cries of "Daaaaaaad? Daaaaaaad? Are you my dad?"

1) What the fuck just happened here? Did you just spell out the oral equivalent of "quotes" when there is a key on the keyboard for that and then make a subtext to tell me about it?  
#dickmoves

Want to know if your child is a crystal child? Be sure to check our list of 23 things every child alive does to find out

[0] This fact is often proudly communicated via bumper sticker

Now lets give this tree a friend because even a little tree needs a friend.  
It's your world you can fill it however you like.



# GOLFCART GROUPIES

**Genus name:** Clingarian vehiculum

**Also Known As:** Hood Ornaments, MudFlaps, The Cool Kids™

**Mating Rituals:** Ass, Grass or Cash. No one rides for free

**Age Range:** 18-25

The festival scene is a rapidly evolving and fiercely competitive social hierarchy. As with many tribal societies understanding ones rank in relation to the rest of the tribe is an important factor of daily life; indeed, to some it is a full time occupation. While there are almost an infinite numbers of rungs on this social ladder, nothing exudes the rarefied air of festival royalty like the act of driving your golf cart through the unwashed peasant rabble.

Since golfcarts are a highly sought after and limited resource, some staff will be assigned a cart only for 'pre-event'. This allows them use of the cart until Thursday after which it should be turned over to Artist Hospitality. In a desperate bid to cultivate a sense of ownership they frantically over-decorate the cart with signs, fake furs and sparkles. During the event you will frequently see Artist Hospitality escorting rockstar musicians or producers with their entourage of hyperactive gesturing scenesters going wherever it is those sort of people go.

In well managed festivals golfcarts are kept under lock and key, however in more lax environments golfcarts sometimes go missing, creating havoc for the people who actually have to work while the Cool Kids™ are joy riding.

A few of these are lost by gullible staff who naively relinquish keys to friends who have 'a very important emergency' and believe their promises 'to bring it right back'. Others are hotwired by the sort of people who have spent far too much of their lives at festivals. Lastly, some are stolen by drunk international trance DJs who take the golfcart and anyone foolish enough to jump aboard for a thrilling tour of the best festival sites including: the trash fence speed course, ramming into domes, or the crowd favorite "Oh SHIT! We're going into the lake" ride.





# RAGE STICKS

**Genus name:** Muppeteria gigantus

**Habitat:** Red Rocks, Bonnaroo, Horning's Hideout, The Gorge, Coachella

**Age Range:** 15-40

One of the true great wonders of Hippie Watching is experiencing the multiple day migration to mega festivals where the hippie swarm can number in the hundreds of thousands. They will travel thousands of miles overcoming many obstacles along the way, including preposterous 'convenience charges', TSA agents, dwindling resources, and malfunctioning vehicles. Similar to the annual African Wildebeest migration the trip to the concert floor is replete with danger; the most imminent of which is being separated from your pack and becoming hopelessly mired in a sweaty sea of ripe smelling strangers (who all look like your friends but are, in fact, not your friends). Rage Sticks were born of this necessity, providing a beacon for any members of the pack who stray and cannot find their way back. It also serves as a signal for other tribes to distinguish and occasionally avoid each other.

Rages sticks come in many flavors, but are often used as a show of support for favorite artists and pop culture celebrities. Sometimes it's a stuffed animal with a pole lodged in its hoo-ha and covered in more el-wire than a first year burner. Other times it's a nightmarish amalgam of whatever arts and crafts supplies were unlucky enough to get between a Wook, his glue gun, and his sprinkles. Each one a gaudy and unique snowflake there to entertain the masses. Are you not entertained? The hilarity of the wiggles, shakes, and jiggles from these oversized hand puppets most certainly adds another level of vibe to the surroundings while simultaneously providing a conversation piece for making new friends.





# PINNERS

**Genus name:** Insignium hoarderus

**Also Known As:** Pinsters, Pinheads

**Habitat:** Phish Shows, Festivals

**Dietary Preferences:** Whatever you got so I can get this pin

**Age Range:** 16-35

Jeweled ornamentation has always played an important role within the culture of the North American Hippie. The modern day sub-culture of Pin Collecting is as deep of a rabbit-hole as your interest or wallet will allow you to go down. Each pin on the Pinners flat brimmed cap communicates volumes about his/her interests, experiences, shows attended, hobbies, and/or sense of humor. In fact, it's been posited that you could reconstruct a complete history of the hippie movement if you compiled the details of every pin ever made.

The Pin Collector distributes this glittery hippie bling to all the corners of this great nation through shopping, bartering, trading and pimping.

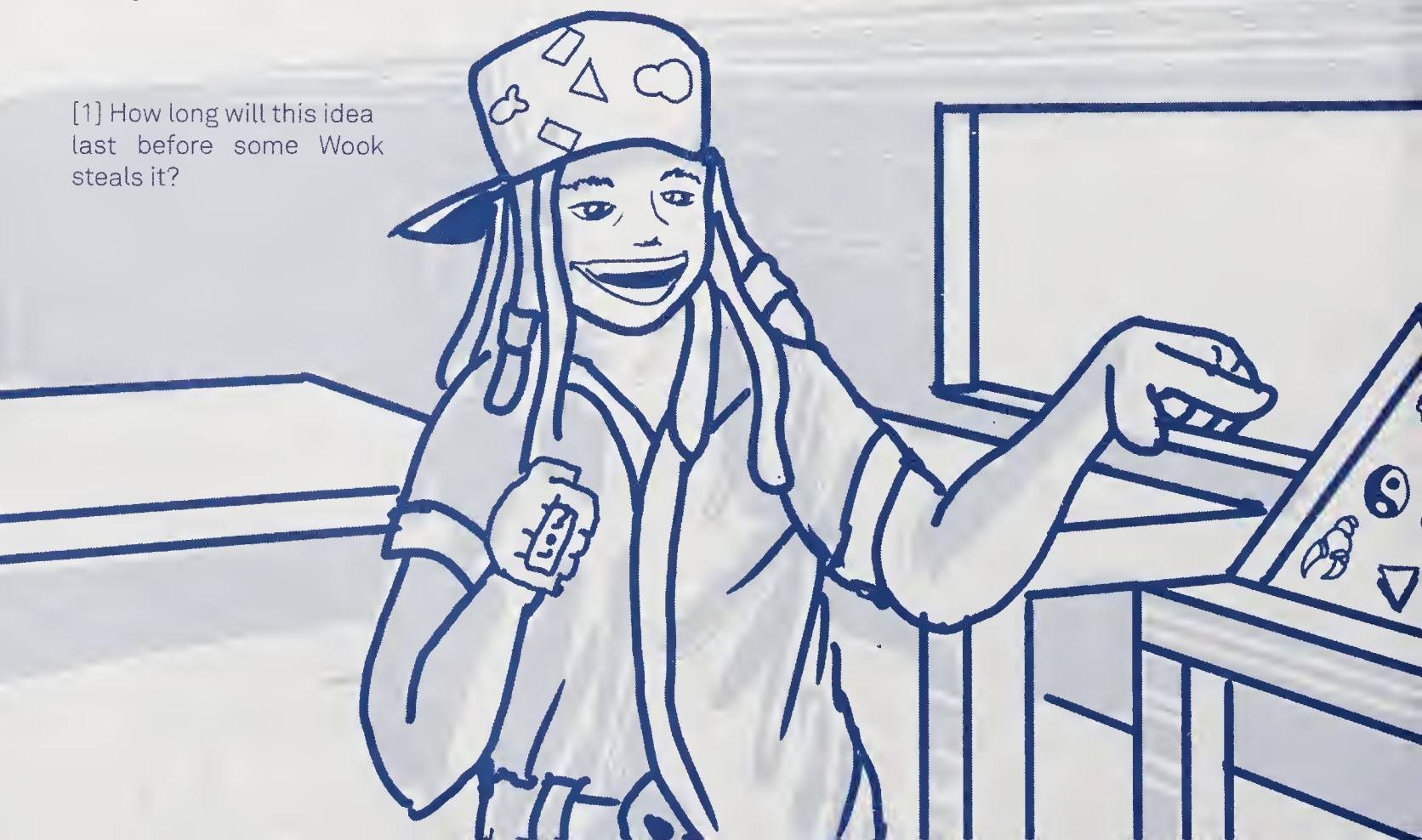
In fact, the bug to collect pins is so strong that there are often complaints of Wooks mooching food, booze, drugs, and smokes off their friends throughout a weekend but somehow have no problem locating their wallet when it comes time to drop \$60 on couple of new pins from the dealer.

Mature Pinners are often seen trudging with a labored gait wearing hats loaded with cadmium and neodymium weighing upwards of 25 pounds. Their tolerance to the burden built up an ounce at a time.

It is unknown why the this species suffers from mysterious and chronic neck pain. In-depth medical studies have not yet correlated a link between dietary habits, physical activity, drug use, or genetic predisposition to this debilitating neck pain, but the research continues.

*Would you like to purchase an orange ribbon pin and fund support to "Wook for a Cure"<sup>[1]</sup>? It's a non-profit organization dedicated to researching and spreading awareness of this mysterious disease.*

[1] How long will this idea last before some Wook steals it?





# PIN DEALERS

**Genus name:** Insignium hustleria

**Habitat:** Lot, On Tour, Shows, Booths, Campsites

**Mating Rituals:** There's a pin for that too

**Age Range:** 25-40

We traced the pin jewelry sub-culture back to the 80s Grateful Dead but in all likelihood goes back far further than that if you look at military insignia, badges and medals.

Grateful Dead 'Wings' were high level hippie merit badges<sup>[1]</sup>, modeled after pilots wings. This wings were awarded for achieving excellence with outstanding performance in all duties as a hippie<sup>[2]</sup> The general consensus is that these wings had to be earned and would visually communicate that you were vouched for by the Grateful Dead Family earning you instant lot cred. Getting pinned was considered a BIG DEAL.<sup>[3]</sup>

But, why drive 10,000 miles when you can simply purchase one on lot? These days most bands with a following have their own specific pin scene, dealers, customers and pin artists. Many of these pins are limited runs and require you to stay on top of the scene in order to score one.

Pin dealers often sell pins for pin creators, from their personal collection, and sometimes hold onto rare pins for a while. Many of these pins are limited edition and sought after. Each one of them often has a story, whether it was made for a specific run of shows, honoring an inside joke<sup>[4]</sup>, or simply made for the beauty of the craft.

Pin dealers can often be found on lot after the show or sometimes set up in booths during the show. If not, they tend to be highly active on social media, forums and facebook, engaging with fans and fellow collectors; speaking a language barely recognizable as English to outsiders.

Pin collecting is the pokemon of the hippie world. Gotta get 'em all.

[1] To quote: "A soldier will fight long and hard for a bit of colored ribbon."  
-Napoleon Bonaparte.

[2] It is said once you drive 10,000 miles on tour or move 10,000 hits of acid that was cause for being pinned with wings. [3] Sometimes Dawn will give you a huge kiss and they will dose the OJ ;)

[4] Not a collector but I badly want a LopeG pin. Open for trades for zines.





The West Coast festival scene is an idyllic utopia that many hippies boastfully call home. It is the sort of place where the unimaginable happens far too often. Here, not an eye is batted when you achieve globe trotting success from hustling pinecones. In such a place, you may have to genuinely struggle to remember anyone who works an 'actual' job despite the fact that everyone you know has their own unique diet, belief system, distinct clothing style, and somehow manages to travel the world in their spare time.

In this environment of limitless possibility it's really just up to you to read *The Secret*<sup>[1]</sup>, make that dream board and manifest your reality. In fact, the only thing holding you back... is you.

They say ... *people aren't afraid of failure they are afraid of success.* (Quick! Someone tell Uganda! All they had to do is visionboard those moquitos and malaria away.)

This environment, when coupled with hippies propensity towards euphemistic language, their ability to keep secrets and general lack of critical thinking skills created the perfect environment for a pyramid scheme to come under the guise of a womens empowerment movement.

Hippies generally tend to be respectful of everyone's right to their individual belief systems, (that is, as long as you aren't a Tea Party supporter, Republican, work for big oil, or are part of the corn lobby in Iowa in which case you'll get an earful.)

When it comes to being critical of a movement that claims to be centered around Womans Empowerment, building businesses for women and overcoming the power hungry male patriarchy few hippies would touch it with a ten foot pole.

Enter: The Gifting Circle. It's a high stakes popularity contest slapped on top of a pyramid scheme dressed up as a New Age wet dream.<sup>[2]</sup>

Isn't it high time you monetized your popularity? The further up the pyramid you are the less you know about those dweebs at the bottom footing the bill. This way you won't feel as bad stepping over the field of broken dreams on the way to Costa Rica.

People have argued for days whether or not this is true, but if you look closely, the only people arguing either:

- A) Stand to lose a bunch of money or
- B) Stand to gain a bunch of money.

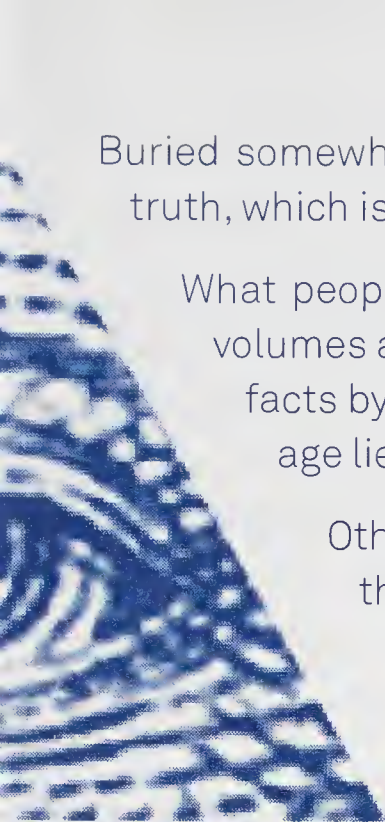
Either they have lied to themselves in order to believe it or are well aware of its nature as a scam yet still perpetuate it.

Hippies love the idea of shedding materialism, yet also want to get stuff for free. It's a strange dichotomy of first world privilege vs. first world guilt that serves as the petri dish to foster dreams of effortless abundance through fabulousness. (We wanted a better word but is there a word for changing the world one party at a time?)

[1][Please feel free to replace this dated reference with whatever feel good self help BS is in vogue these days.]

[2] What is this garbage I'm reading? TMZ for hippies?





Buried somewhere underneath all the euphemisms and new age fluff lies the truth, which is that a lot more people lose money than gain.

What people choose to do in the face of this unavoidable conclusion says volumes about their character. Some have chosen to continue ignoring the facts by sticking their fingers in their ears as they repeat the flowery new age lies they were sold. Queue *Journey: Don't Stop Believing*.

Others, see it for what it is, but think they are smart enough to not be the sucker. It's not their fault they were lied to. Pass the hot potato down the line and hope it's nowhere near you when the music ends.

Others accept their losses and the ostracization heaped on them by those still feverishly playing the game in the hopes of getting out or making out.

For the uninitiated:

The basic premise of these 'abundance circles' is/was that you join with a \$5,000 'gift'. From the beginning you are coached in soft flowery language urging you not to expect anything in return because you know ... empowerment.

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

BACK THIS FUN BUS THE FUCK UP!

Look... the purpose of this isn't to ruffle feathers, (though, it's kinda hard not to when you wear so many.)

Our main goal in writing this is to examine the conditions which made it all possible.

The primary tool used is euphemistic language to obscure the true nature of what was taking place. In our

humble opinion, if this component was absent this wouldn't have gained much traction. It has

always been the stance of this zine that rational thought and critical reason-based thinking doesn't take any

magic away from our experience - it only enhances it.

Once you join, weekly conference calls are held to share stories, discuss the circle, and build the bonds and friendships that are necessary for the circle to grow. You are expected to convince at least 8 more people to join at which point you get something to the tune of \$40,000 <sup>[3]</sup>. Boom! Manifested.

This model only works when people are actually joining. When there is no low hanging fruit left (weed growers, trimmers, trust fund kids) there are all kinds of incentives, such as sponsorship, where your \$5,000 is covered by a sponsor in the hopes that you will be the fresh blood needed to continue the growth of the circle.

As the pyramid begins to stagnate (collapse) things get desperate and ugly. When there are no more scenesters to invite, next on the chopping block are friends and family. Many a friendship has been lost or damaged due to this.

We now return you to our regularly scheduled Wook and P o n y Show.

("It's ok, though, I never really got along with my step-father anyways")

[3] Of course minus whatever amount you have to kick up the pyramid, oops, I mean circle.



# DABBERS

**Genus name:** Cannabinoidus extremus

**Also Known As:** Dabs Warrior, Dabs Jedi

**Habitat:** Couches, Chairs, Glass Blowing shops, anywhere they serve wings

**Dietary Preferences:** chicken wings and dAbS, dAbS, dAbS, dAbS, dAbS, dAbS, dAbS,

**Age Range:** 25-40

In a forest under the shroud of night you wander into wafting tendrils of a dense fog with an exotic aroma. As you slowly wade your way through this debilitating cloud, an intense, radiant glow pierces the darkness accompanied by a loud fwoosh of a propane torch. “*What an odd place to carmelize a Crème Brûlée*” you think as your mouth waters.

Coughing, low gravelly voices, and grunts follow as you approach the clearing.

As the smoke dissapates, you notice weird glass pipes, Power 5 butane torchs, and a variety of odd shaped tools.

Fear not, you haven’t stumbled upon a hippie version of Nightmare Kitchens, you’ve just spotted your first group of Dabbers; an exquisite assembly of the most dedicated cannabis users on the planet. These are the best of the best. Expert level smokers who’ve created a world all their own, as well as the language to describe it. A league of champions able to absorb concentrations of THC capable of leaving a silver backed gorilla shuddering in fetal position crying out for its’ mommy.

No longer content to smoke green, Dabbers have dedicated years of their lives to this rigorous training. You have stumbled into their dojo where they hone their discipline of their Dab-Fu.

Real Dabbers know no limits. You dab until there is no more, wake up and dab some more. Every day a fresh opportunity to test your meddle against a new extraction method, tackle some strange wax, or pull tubes harder than ever before.

Mind the nail and your ass will follow. One must prove their worth in the circle of Dabs. The circle is not impregnable, these are a welcoming lot. You may not speak the language but they are more than willing to let you in. Think you can hang?

Yes, you’ve smoked some flowers before but this ain’t no place  
for tourists. Settle in and get comfortable,  
you’ll be here for a while.





# QUANTUM SNAKEOIL SALESMAN

**Genus name:** Deceptus slymenstran

**Also Known As:** Silver tongued hustlers, Scam Artists

**Habitat:** ..Anywhere there's a captive audience

**Dietary Preferences:** naiveté, innocence, gullibility (which isn't listed in the dictionary)

**Age Range:** 25-55

In the old American West one would occasionally see a traveling spectacle of music and theatrics commonly known as a Medicine Show. These nomadic sales men made preposterous claims of their "miracle elixirs" ability to: cure disease, smooth wrinkles, remove stains, prolong life or cure any number of common ailments

Fast forward to the 21st century and there appears to be a modern resurgence of the old world snake oil salesmen, only these traveling schemers don't even leave you with anything as tangible as an opiate infused tonic.

They are peddling hopes and dreams in the form of holographic stickers that supposedly generate healing powers through whatever Quantum Mechanics buzzwords they can remember. Maximize your cars potential for less emissions, power your home, decrease the propensity for cancer, make your smile brighter, and win more friends.

*How you say? That's right, holograms! What's that you say? Holograms!*

*Don't be shy... Step right up folks and be the first one to experience this once in a lifetime, super exclusive, hyper consciousness expanding offer, all via quantum entanglement zero point energy text messaging! Simply buy the card, insert the code and all your hopes and dreams will be fulfilled through the scientific wonder of digital medicine. Change the world one text message at a time.*

By the time any onlookers discover that it's all just a clever ruse executed by a silver tongued hustler, \*poof\*, they are already off to the next festival to deliver the same pitch to another selection of unsuspecting partiers desperate for something to believe.





# THE ALMANAC OF NONSENSE

If this zine were a house you are now looking at the cluttered junk drawer. We can't really throw this stuff away but we aren't really using it either. Enjoy the nonsense.



## Jeff Foxworthy

You know you're  
a hippie when....

Your only cookbook is Food of the Gods.

You exchange hugs as currency.

You catch yourself talking about a pre-party  
to a decompression party.

Your crystal collection makes caves jealous.

You've burned sage in a courtroom.

You've actually had an incident with string  
cheese.

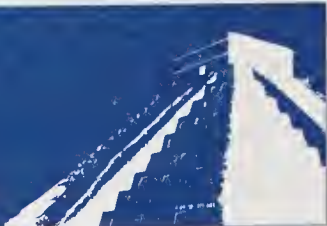
Your child's 3rd grade diorama project is the  
2004 Temple Burn.

You brought your dog to a job interview

You claim to be both an activist and a pacifist

A music festival changed your life

# 2012 WAS AN INSIDE JOB



It's Steve's first encounter with Dabs.  
Gripped with fear he hides in his  
tent. Are the cops really after him?  
Will he be able to recover in time for  
Tea? Will he miss Bassnectars set?

Find out on the next....

# DEADLIEST FEST



Chamomile  
Rules  
Everything  
Around  
Me



Dabraham Lincoln  
7 dabs and 4 grams ago.



## ONLY YOU

CAN PREVENT  
LIGHTER THEFT.

**DON'T BE A WOOK**

PAID VENDOR ADVERTISEMENT BY OM NOM NOM SHIVAS - PSYCHIC DELI - FIND US IN THE VENDOR COURT

## Nagis' Dream Pizza

It's a Meat Free, Gluten-Free, Dairy Free, Nut Free, Allergen Free, Nightshade Free, GMO Free, Grain Free, Cruelty-Free, Artificial Growth Hormone Free, Cage Free, Soy Free, Free Range, Sustainably Harvested, 100% Organic, Fair Trade Pizza

**WE FREE PIZZA FROM THE BABYLONIAN OPPRESSION OF REALITY!**

We took our world famous recipe and, using our top-secret vibrational process, removed every possible inflammatory allergen including Gluten, dairy and nightshades from a slice of pizza. The result? A glass of crystal pure water. We then placed the resulting glass of water at the feet of Tibetan Monks deep in meditation attempting to achieve Samadhi with a Chicago Deep Dish.

This holographically re-encodes the waters quantum molecular DNA structure to be indistinguishable from Pizza. Our wide variety of Flavor Monks can encode your water with any flavor you want including: Goldfish Bubblegum, Grapeleaf Vanilla Wool Spaghetti and Bill Cosbys Fractal Dust.

**NAGI SAYS: MAKE ME ONE WITH EVERYTHING!**





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# GLOSSARY

- 5HTP** - The raver morning after pill.
- Abundance Circles** - They say what goes around comes around...but somehow this circle only seems to go up?
- Akashic Record** - NewAge hipsters wouldn't be caught dead listening to this on anything other than 180gram vinyl. Of course they prefer the earlier stuff but you probably haven't heard of it.
- Andara Crystals** - Colored Slag Glass being sold as healing power crystals further illustrating the proverb a fool and his money are soon parted.
- Barn Burner** - A party so amazing that the only way to improve it is to set fire to the venue. Accept no inferior imitators including: Outhouse Melters, Quantset Hut Hootenannies, and Shed Dismantlers
- BeastMode** - Falls on the list of things that “*You know it when you see it*”
- Burningman** - When extreme recreational moving meets competitive partying.
- Crowd source** - Don't let a lack of funds come between you and your bad idea, let's digitally pan handle this bad boy into reality.
- Clownshoes** - Sometimes the only appropriate insult to describe someones absurd bungling of the basics “*Look at those clownshoes trying to set up that tent*”
- Crustifarian** - One part white dread, One part gutter punk, free range suburbanites
- Dabs** - Next level THC delivery that has perfected the art of raising your tolerance so high you stop getting high.
- Dab scar** - A rite of passage that usually only occurs once. Caused when red hot metal on a dab rig tries to be friends with your arm.
- Dabstinence** - That two week period before you get employed with a company so outdated they still think drug testing will somehow result in better employees
- Disconaps** - [1] A sleep protocol for those with severe cases of FOMO (fear of missing out) [2]These short naps between rage sessions [3] if Donna Summers had narcolepsy
- Didjeridoo Bath** - Sadly the closest many hippies will ever come to bathing.
- Default World** - That meaningless place you spend the other 358 worthless days of the year.
- Deemsters** - When the self-dribbling transforming machine elves unionize and demand better wages you have serious problems on your hands.
- FAFFing** - An acronym that stands for *Fucking Around for Fucking Forever* possibly based on the English Slang 'to faff about'. You are only enabling the FAFFing if you don't vocalize your objection and then just leave.
- Faded** - Trying to make life more vivid and electric, but somehow it just ended up a washed out memory.
- Fallopian Flippin'** - The act of mixing LSD and Birth Control Pills - It's a trip without the kids.
- Freak** - Let's talk after your second facial piercing ok?
- Ghosting** - The act of simply vanishing rather than performing the arduous task of saying goodbye to everyone of your 400 friends at a party. Ghosting can buy back several hours of your life. “We should leave... ok, but let's ghost.”
- GrowHoes** - Also known as Trim Tramps. See also Growmance
- Galactose Intolerance** - Symptoms of adult onset Galactose Intolerance include eye rolling, yawning, shit talking and heckling at the first sign of overly cosmic New Age speak.
- Growmance** - A relationship that starts at trim camp as a means to fill time or to upgrade ones status from trimmer to world traveling girlfriend.
- Heroic Dose** - “Don't just eat a mushroom stem and see colors, eat the whole bag and see God one time in your life.”- Doug Stanhope
- Imminent Last Festival Syndrome** - When promoters of a festival make the same claim every year that this will be the last one. Condition may last up to 10 years.
- Keyboard Commando** - A normally wimpy person who when put behind a keyboard suddenly starts talking about kicking ass as if there were the star of an 80's action flick
- Mid wife** - She only makes you half a sandwich  
HEEEEEEEY! THIS GUY OVER HERE! BLATANT SEXISM IS STILL HILARIOUS NO?
- Micro aggression** - Sociological fracking in order to find new novel ways of being offended by life
- Nans** - Some people think the gig is up when someone calls nans on your shenanigans - others view it as the beginning.
- Needs** - More often than not these are 'wants' dressed up to seem more important than they are.
- New Year's Eve** - Amateur Hour
- Quantum** - You don't even need to spell Quantum correctly much less understand it in order to sell Hippie and New Agers holograms for their gas tanks or text messages which will allow you to charge your whole house.



**Queening** - When a female companion of an accomplished musician/artist builds a inflated sense of worth based on the social status of her partner. She projects all the admiration onto herself and quickly becomes a wet blanket.

**Past Life Coach** - The hippie version of Monday morning quarterbacking.

**PatYourselfOntheBacktivism** - A form of armchair activism geared towards the end result of having smug self-congratulatory stories to bore your friends with. Powered by token gestures that affect nothing but give the appearance that it has.

**Psychedelic Tourism** - Frommer's guide to Tuning in, Turning on, and Dropping out.

**Opportunivore** - Dietary chameleons who are all too willing to drop all precepts of their vegetarianism if they dont have to buy the meat themselves.

**Pregret** - The act of preemptively feeling bad before you do whatever stupid thing you are about to do. It's like selling Condolences to yourself. (high five to the 5 people who got my joke based on the Protestant Reformation, keep reading books bitches!)

**Rager** - Noun, Adjective.

**Rick Simpson Oil** - Better than Bart Simpson Oil, Rick Santorum Oil and Ron Jeremy Oil combined.

**Sarong** - So Wrong..but the freedom is sooo right

**EDM** - Extrasensory Deadening Mechanism

**Self-Discovery** - Sure, everyone **says** they are supportive of your voyage of self-discovery ... right up until the moment you are caught in a broom closet masturbating to the Tibetan Book of the Dead.

**Seen** - Jamaican slang referring to the fact they 'see what you are saying'. Ironically, most of the white rastas saying this are usually so high they really **can** see what you are saying.

**Stoned Ape Theory** - The belief that human consciousness arose from apes ingesting hallucinogenic mushrooms. You often don't have to look much further than the person explaining it to you for the proof of its validity.

**Swastika** - It isn't too far of a stretch of the imagination to picture well meaning hippies wishing to reclaim this once peaceful and arcane symbol by rebranding the swastika as "Friendship Windmills"

**Take a Lap** - Verbal punishment indicated that you've just said something so stupid that it isn't even worth the energy it would take to ridicule you.

**The Rail** - The highly sought after spot at the very front of the concert earned by waiting in line all day. Said to be a middle-aged men and n00b Mecca.

**Throw Shade** - It's not a blanket term for bitchiness and occurs far less often than claimed. A term borrowed from the LGBT community referring to subtle expert level cut downs. *'I don't tell you you're ugly, but I don't have to tell you because you know you're ugly.'* And *that's shade.*" Dorian Corey in Paris is Burning

**Tourmaline** - A metaphysical rip cord to handle all life's challenges that you are not prepared to deal with.

**Trigger Warnings** - Shouldn't trigger warnings come with trigger warnings? I had a traumatic experience with the word Trigger once that I would like to forget.

**Transformational Festival** - A non-existent cultural movement attempting to bootstrap itself into existence by shooting documentary footage of festivals that often don't support the concept and re-contextualizing it as if they were key players in said non-existent movement.

**Trimp** - A trimmer pimp who will share some of his female workers with other growers when they are short handed.

**Vansion** - Transform that creepy rape van into a livable piece of traveling art. Your four wheeled domicile will be the envy of all your friends, especially those sleeping in mud puddles.

**Vibed Out** - Gently Used

**Warlock Status** - Apparently there are 83 steps you or a certified professional can perform to upgrade from your standard issue, base model wook to warlock status. Inquire at your nearest Wook Store. Warning downgrades are not possible. May result in Beastmode.

**Woman's circle** - *Now, be honest with me, does this pyramid scheme make me look fat?*

**WookStore** - Where accidentally wooking yourself is half the fun. The only game in town when shopping for sweaters in 105 degree heat. Get yourself some New Kids on the Block cards and of course those damn Mystery Boxes! They be Taxin!

**Wooden Tuxedo** - A Wooden Tuxedo is a state of inebriation so intense that your upper torso doesn't function properly as if you had worn a poorly crafted Tuxedo made out of wood. Quick, lurch your way to safety!

**Whippits** - \*screw\* \*hissssss\* \*whoooooosh\* \*Inhale\* \*deep guttural talking\* \*w00b w00b w00b\* \*Exhale\* \*unscrew\* \*Clink\* - repeat process until you run out of whippits or braincells.

**YOLO** - Translated from Douche, an acronym You Only Live Once. It takes on a special level of irony when it's the last hashtag you tweet before wrapping your Hyundai around a telephone pole. (Not available in Hindu countries)



SUSTAINABLY HARVESTED WITH CERTIFIED DOLPHIN SAFE DREAMCATCHERS



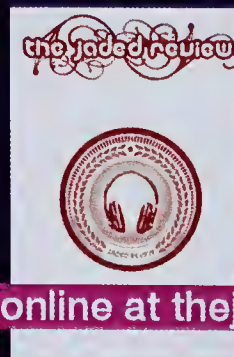
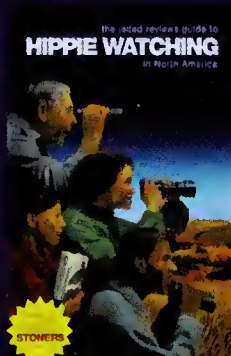
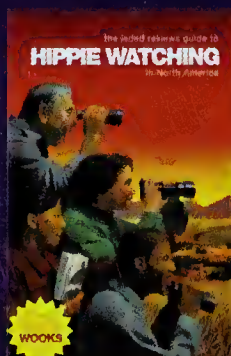
upgrade your hustle  
to **DOLPHIN MODE** now

NOT COMPATIBLE WITH WARLOCK STATUS, ZONE P OR THE NUMBER 42. CONSULT YOUR SHAMAN, THE APPLE STORE OR PSYCHICALLY CONNECT WITH YOUR NEIGHBORS GARDEN HOSE IF COMPLICATIONS ARISE FROM THE UPGRADE. HUSTLE UPGRADES OFTEN RESULT IN HIGH AND TIGHT JEANS, IMPECCABLE STEEZ, AND DUST FREE SHOULDERS.

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